

A FRENCH BALL THAT WAS NEITHER FRENCH NOR A BALL, VIEWED FROM DIFFERENT STANDPOINTS.



TWO VIEWS OF IT

"DISGUSTING," says the Spanish dancer.

"Heartbreaking," says the Salvation lassie.

And between them they don't leave the French ball of the year of 1897 a leg to stand on. But let them speak for themselves, as they do on this page, by special request, for the benefit of Journal readers.

Captain Chapman was there. Otero's sparkling dark eyes were not slow to note the disastrous effect of his presence. "Everybody was afraid to be gay." So they drank like "pigs," and were stupid.

"Little Egypt" was there, too. There was a pink zone eight inches deep about her body between the bottom of her short jacket and the top of an abbreviated skirt, through the meshes of which showed a pink background from the middle of the thigh down. This means that "Little Egypt" was in professional attire. It also means that a mob of promiscuous followers constantly in her wake until she came face to face with Inspector Harley, at 2 o'clock in the morning. Whereupon "Little Egypt" was instantly conducted under police escort to the door of a dressing room and instructed to attire herself properly or leave the Garden. Being much frightened "Little Egypt" did both, and was seen no more at the French ball.

This episode indicated a double damper on the occasion. After "Little Egypt's" exit there was no more fun left, except in the flowing bowl. Barely has the bowl flowed so copiously—but Otero has told of that.

Shades of the years that have flown! A French ball, and only two arrests! A young woman showed symptoms of unlawful hilarity in the wine room, and a young man, having had an altercation with his cabman, was driven to a police station instead of to his home.

No gentleman's hat was smashed, no coats were ripped up the back, no lady danced among the glasses, no blood was spilled.

Oh, it was pitiful!
In a whole city full
Fun there was none!

It was the saddest of all in the wine room. Visitors who had lived on anticipation through all the frigid solemnity of the ball proper succumbed in despair on the threshold of the wine room. Even the corks refused to pop.

At 3:30 a. m. two gentlemen and one lady were very ill at one table. At another table two souls with but a single thought, and that thought plain domestic beer, slumbered over half-empty glasses.

And then the lights were turned out. As Otero says, "It was not a French ball." What was it?

HOW IT SEEMED TO A SPANISH DANCER.

By Otero.

(Translated from the French.)
DURING my two visits to New York I have attended two French balls. At the first I was insulted; at the second I was bored.

I understand that the French people of New York no longer attach any dignity to the name "Cercle Français de l'Harmonie," which once stood for an organization of respectable French residents and their families, who sought harmless recreation once a year at a costume ball, where every one went to dance and make merry. I am told that now the name is used simply as a lure by means of which a great many underbred and very thirsty people are induced to purchase large quantities of wine at a very high price. Naturally, many of these people drink much more than is good for them. What can you expect in consequence? What else but a very stupid and beastly spectacle?

This was my impression five years ago; Monday night in Madison Square Garden, the same impression received emphasis. Therefore, I have no apology to make,

and cannot possibly injure the feelings of any respectable French citizen, when I repeat that this so-called French ball disgusted me.

In Spain and in France—as in all Latin countries, in ancient or modern times—to be joyful is to dance, and to dance is to be joyful. Innocent children dance almost as soon as they walk. In the dance the true Frenchman or Spaniard remains always a child. It is the most innocent of his pleasures. If, at the ball masque or the carnival, grown people run riot in their merrymaking, they do just as children do—unless it is at your "French" ball, when they do as pigs do.

It was no French ball.
I met a very few French gentlemen at this ball. They were there out of curiosity, as I was; they were disgusted, as I was. They told me so.

It was more stupid than six years ago. That, I think, was because everybody was afraid to be gay. At first there was a little real gaiety in the scene—harmless, too—and one had hopes of a scene brilliant and clever, like a true ball masque.

Then a shadow seemed to fall upon the dancers, and the promenaders. A man in uniform with side whiskers walked around the circle in front of the boxes.

"Captain Chapman!" everybody said, in a whisper.

It must have been that he left the shadow behind him—that he is a very great man before whom the wicked tremble. He passed on, but there was no more gaiety. The men drank more freely. It was as though they felt there was nothing left for them to do but drink. Presently it was, of course, no longer gay; only vulgar and stupid.

Men and women in costumes, who should have been out in the centre of the splendid arena dancing and making merry, lurched about among the promenaders, or stood in crowds staring at the visitors in the boxes. After a while, when they had drunk much more than was good for them, the men would advance to the front of the boxes and introduce themselves to the ladies.

I understand very little English, and at first I said to myself that these gentlemen were citizens of importance who wished to pay me a compliment. Suddenly I saw that Mr. McConnell was laughing, and I asked him what for.

"You remind me of Mr. Bryan in the late Presidential campaign," he said. "You have started out to shake hands with every-

body, but it can't be done."

I shook my more hands.

The judges were in the box next to mine, though I could not see what there was to judge except different degrees of beastly conduct and a few chic ball costumes. I think it was about 2 o'clock when some one in the judges' box shouted that prizes would now be awarded. In a few moments everybody had come as near as possible to the judges' box and was helping to push and pull three of the girls through the crowd. They had numbers hung about their necks and wore pretty costumes. Soon there was very little left of these costumes.

In bringing these girls to the notice of the judges the crowd of intoxicated men used no delicacy. They were not gallant, as gentlemen are to ladies in the dance. They pushed and pulled the poor creatures, and they picked up two of them and threw them into the box, where they landed on the laps of some gentlemen.

"Pigs," I said, and the French gentlemen in the next box applauded.

Have I not already said that it was no French ball?

I have seen a lady dance very daintily on the top of a table among the glasses when the champagne has flowed freely and the men are gentlemen—not pigs. I believe

such things have happened in the wine room at the French ball. I would not go away without giving the affair the benefit of the doubt, so we started for the wine room.

While crossing the floor we were delayed by something that seemed to give promise of a little real gaiety. A large crowd of men was gathered about an open space, and those next the space were holding up their hands and shouting:

"Higher! Higher!"

Before I could be sure what was being done in the open space some one shouted:

"Look out! Here's the captain!"

It was the shadow back again. In a second there was no crowd, and no more gaiety.

When I said a little while ago that I was disgusted I was thinking of the wine room. I had naively stepped inside. One look was sufficient. No gentlemen, no ladies, no life, no merriment—nothing but drink and maudlin carousals.

"Pigs," I said, and I went home.

It was no French ball.
Whatever it is it will do no harm if that terrible man—Captain Chapman—stop it the next time.

I shall not be there.

HOW IS LOOKED SO A SALVATION LASSIE.

By Elizabeth M. Clark.

ASQUERADING was the order of the day—or, rather, of the night, when two Salvationists went to see whether opportunities for work would open themselves even in the midst of the gaiety of a ball given under the auspices of the Cercle Français. We went, thinking we knew what we should have to see and face, but in some respects the reality went far beyond the expectation.

At first, though we had no intention of giving such an impression, we were taken for misquaders, and the exclamation of our men upon being asked to buy a War Cry, "Why, are you real?" was typical of many more. But it was not long before the question of our identity was answered by the assurance that we were indeed "real"—real in the sincerity of the motives that took us to such a place under such circumstances, and real in the desire to have some definite results crown the evening's work.

"And do you really imagine that you have accomplished anything by coming here?" was asked, rather scornfully by one who had just acknowledged that the unquestionable tendency of the place was to "turn men and women into animals."

"Yes, we do; we certainly should not stay here a moment longer unless we felt that we were doing something to help some one."

"Do you mean to say that you have talked seriously with any number of the women here? What did they say?"

"With any great number, no. And as to what was said, you could not expect that to be repeated, for it was said confidentially. Even if we could not see any result whatever, even if no one had been willing to speak seriously with us, we should nevertheless feel that the fact of our being here in Salvation Army uniform had entered at least one protest against the sin which this place represents."

"If you want some missionary work, you'd better go and talk to that little girl down there," suggested some one, pointing to a child who was practising a dance behind the painted scenes of sky and clouds, which seemed so strangely out of place. There was little else in that immense room to suggest nature, or freedom—or heaven!

It was not yet 12, and the revelry was not supposed to have really commenced, but the little girl referred to gave up dancing and sat down. The man who made the comment added: "She has had too much wine to be steady."

The picture of that room looked gay and festive. Yet it was unutterably sad and heart-breaking to those who could read between the lines and make out the facts which that scene meant. It was a sad scene for those who could read the facts just as they were, without looking beyond into the still more terrible facts and scenes suggested. Still, for the two Salvationists there was the deep pleasure of being able to help a little, even at the risk of some misunderstanding, and the satisfaction of being able to talk heart to heart, even soul to soul, with a few in that throng. At least one prayer was offered up from that ballroom on Monday night.

We went to warn rather than to condemn; to help rather than to criticize. We found abundant opportunity for work that could be done even there, and feel more than ever convinced of the mistake made by those few who said: "This is no place for you." The faces that grew tender behind the thin masks, the murmured "Thank you—I am glad you spoke," proved that it was the place for aggressive but sympathetic work.

Father Meyer showed the reporter the certificates for publication in the newspapers, and it has been done, and I shall prevent it by ignoring the rules the Health Board have established. They have been to me about it, and I have received two letters from Prosecutor Winfield regarding it. I agreed to send in the certificates, providing they were not published, but this did not seem to be satisfactory, and I wrote to Mr. Winfield, pointing out to him the harm that publicity does, and in a letter from him I was told to suppress the matter, and I will respect that. This would be worse than publishing the whole lot, because it would surely become public that I desired to suppress certain marriages, and the papers would be full of it.

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"So they are going to coerce a priest, are they?" said the clergyman to a Journal reporter who called upon him at the parish residence on Avenue C last evening. "Well, let them go ahead and try it; I'll make it a test case, because they will get no certificates of marriages that I perform. Every marriage certificate that is sent to the health officials in Jersey City is at once given to the newspapers and is published. There are many people I marry who do not care for publicity, and I propose to respect their wishes in the matter."

For instance, I have married people whom their friends and neighbors regarded as married already. Now, if I sent in a marriage certificate in such a case as that it would be published and the couple would be exposed to the gossip and scandal that a suppression of the fact of the marriage would prevent altogether. Granted that the couple have sinned—they have and will be punished for it, and they receive a just censure from me, and I compel them to do penance; but it is a fundamental law of the Church that if one discovers another in sin it is his duty not to expose him to the community, that he may suffer. If I found a man intoxicated in the gutter it would, according to the law of the Church, be a sin for me to expose him to the public; the secret should be kept in my breast, though I would myself censure that man and compel him to do penance were I his spiritual adviser.

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HOLDING BACK BIG WITNESSES.

Ivory's Prosecutors Offer but Little Damaging Evidence.

SCOTCH BOY ON THE STAND

He Tells of the Prisoner's Efforts to Find "Suspects" in Glasgow.

By Julian Ralph.

London, Jan. 19.—The prosecution in the Ivory case seems to be supplied with an interminable list of witnesses. The entire Kingdom and parts of the Continent have been scoured for persons able to throw the slightest light on the movements of the prisoner and his associates, and the proceedings at the Old Bailey Court are consequently insufferably dull and wearisome. This is considerably aggravated by the fact that there is no shorthand writer in the court, making it necessary for Judge Hawkins to make his own notes, and as he is nearly eighty years old, with a painfully deliberate hand, the lawyers are obliged to put questions slowly and at intervals of two or three minutes.

The absence of the public from court is principally accounted for by the extraordinary precautions taken by the police. I saw an Irish peer turned away this morning because he could give no satisfactory reason for admittance, and when they turn away a man with a title in this country, you can make up your mind that it is something remarkable.

Hotel Men Testify.

"Hotel proprietors, waiters, bookkeepers and clerks again held the witness box against all comers. An endless list of letters, received and sent by Ivory on the Continent and at Glasgow, had to be proved. Barbara Greig, bookkeeper at the Hotel Victoria, Glasgow, gave evidence of Ivory's stay at that hotel. He was evidently on very cordial terms with the fair bookkeeper, for they had many interesting conversations together, which seem to have made a lasting impression on her, even to the minutest detail, all of which she was exceedingly eager to relate to the legal gentlemen to-day.

Ivory had told her of friends who were

in Rotterdam. He said they had spent all their funds "fooling about the continent" and were now importuning him to send them more, but he did not see it that way.

Scotch Youth on the Stand.
The most interesting witness of the day was a wee bit of a Scotch laddie named James Burns, aged thirteen, whose shock head barely reached the rail of the witness box and who between sentences gave vent to most portentous sighs. He had a Scotch burr that would have done honor to his illustrious namesake, and he had also a wit of his own, though he seemed terribly frightened by the awful old judge in the big wig.

James is a stepson of McCaffrey, whom Ivory wished to find in Glasgow. McCaffrey was in a hospital with a cancer, and the lad took the prisoner around to O'Hare and also tried to help him find a man named Dan Meagher. The latter was a man, but a woman, whom they saw, gave Meagher a "poorful" bad character, and incidentally mentioned that he was always "oor fu' o' whuskers."

James was so badly frightened that his words were almost inaudible, and the judge asked him to speak up. He gave the biggest sigh of all, and then literally yelled his testimony, so much so that even the stern octogenarian relaxed his features into what some people might mistake for a smile. There is no doubt that the testimony of James was the brightest spot in this barren desert of hotel men's babble.

Witness Contradicts Another.
William Cameron, another hotel man, gave corroborative evidence regarding Ivory's visit and arrest at the Victoria Hotel. He flatly contradicted Miss Greig's testimony as to Ivory's statement that his friends had been "fooling about in France."

Next, several telegrams were identified by post office officials, and then the Solicitor-General sprang a surprise on the Court by suggesting an adjournment, although it was only 2:45 o'clock. He gave no reason for this, but the supposition is that there are no other witnesses for the prosecution to precede Jones, the spy, and as his evidence could not have been finished to-day it was deemed best to adjourn. The judge granted the adjournment, and also listened favorably to the plaintiff's appeal from the foreman of the jury to allow the twelve men to go to the theatre this evening. He said they were terribly fatigued, and wanted recreation. Even Ivory smiled at this unique request.

Mr. McIntyre has come in for new honors. One paper this evening describes him as follows: "He is one of the State's attorneys and New York's Solicitor-General."

Slot Machine Operator Fined.
Leonard Lasser, a notion dealer of Somerset street, New Brunswick, charged with running a gambling slot machine, was fined \$30 and \$25 costs yesterday. Professor Payson, of the Rutgers College Preparatory School, made the complaint. This was the first sentence for the offence, and Prosecutor Voorhes announced that hereafter he would ask for imprisonment in similar cases.

COLLEGES CAPTURE A \$3,000,000 PRIZE.

Fayerweather Will Contest Settled by the Court of Appeals.

LOWER COURTS SUSTAINED

Residue of the Estate Must Be Divided Among Twenty Seats of Learning.

Albany, Jan. 19.—The Court of Appeals to-day decided the Fayerweather will contest, affirming the decisions of the lower courts. The effect of the decision is to distribute the three millions of dollars involved among the following colleges in equal proportions: Amherst, Bowdoin, Dartmouth, Williams, Yale, Columbia, Hamilton, Lafayette, Lincoln, Maryville, Marietta, Adelbert, Wabash, Park, Wesleyan University, the Universities of Rochester, Cornell, Virginia and Hamilton, and the Union Theological Seminary.

Daniel B. Fayerweather was a prominent and wealthy leather merchant of New York City. He died on November 15, 1890, leaving a fortune of \$5,000,000 to various colleges throughout the country and to many benevolent institutions. He left no children, but a widow and three nieces—Mrs. Mary W. Achter, Emma S. Fayerweather and Mrs. Lucy J. Beardsley—remained as his next of kin.

To the widow, by the terms of the will, was left \$100,000 in cash, the family home at No. 145 East Fifty-seventh street, in New York City, with \$100,000 and an annuity of \$15,000, in lieu of her dower rights. To Mrs. Beardsley was left \$100,000, and the other nieces got \$20,000 each.

Twenty Colleges Named.
The eighth paragraph of the will gave \$25,000 each to the Presbyterian and St. Luke's hospitals and the Manhattan Eye and Ear Infirmary, of New York City, and \$10,000 each to the Woman's and Mount Sinai hospitals, in New York City. Under the ninth paragraph of the will the following bequests to twenty colleges, aggregating \$2,100,000, were made: Bowdoin, Dartmouth, Williams, Amherst, Wesleyan University, Hamilton, University of Rochester, Lincoln University, Virginia University, Hampton University, and Maryville College, \$100,000 each; Yale, \$200,000; Columbia, \$300,000; Union Theological Seminary, Lafayette College, Marietta College, Adelbert College, Wabash College and Park College, \$50,000 each; and Cornell University, \$250,000. All of the bequests in these articles have been paid.

By the tenth article the residue of the estate, now amounting to about \$3,000,000, was to be divided equally among the above-named twenty colleges. A codicil was added,

leaving this sum to Justus L. Bulkeley, Thomas G. Ritch and Henry B. Vaughan, and this was contested. A settlement was made with the widow and nieces, and the residue was distributed by the three residuary legatees among various colleges and benevolent institutions. Only seven of the colleges named in the will, however, were in this later list.

Some of the colleges which had been ignored sued through their trustees, and Justice Truax in New York decided that the residue should be divided among the colleges named in the will. The General Term affirmed the decision unanimously.

The Court of Appeals' affirmation to-day of the ruling of the other courts is concurred in by all the judges, with the exception of Judge Andrews.

FLED WITH TRAMP LOVER.

John Bosch's Wife and Frank Schwab Traced to Bayonne by Brooklyn Husband.

Detective Edward M. Griffin and Patrolman Croty yesterday morning took to Police Headquarters, in Bayonne, N. J., Frank Schwab, thirty years old, and Mrs. Bosch and her children, Lizzie and Willie, the latter three years old.

Mrs. Bosch and Schwab had been arrested on a charge pre-terred by the husband, John Bosch, of No. 154 Buffalo avenue, Brooklyn. Bosch, who obtained the warrant for their arrest from Recorder Connolly yesterday morning, said that a year ago he owned a hotel at No. 1925 Fulton street, Brooklyn, and was doing a good business. One day along came Frank Schwab, a tramp, and he put him to work. Finding soon that Schwab was getting too friendly with the family, Bosch discharged him. Two weeks afterward his wife and Schwab moved away, taking the two children and all the furniture, including the piano, and \$800. He found her at No. 908 Herkimer street, Brooklyn, but she refused to return to him. He learned that Schwab was calling on her.

His wife disappeared again, but last Sunday he learned that she was living in Bayonne and went there and found her living with Schwab.

An affecting scene occurred when the family was gathered before Superior Judge Kelly. The children, Willie and Lizzie, hugged and kissed each other and were happy in the smiles of their father, while the mother hung affectionately to her baby.

Bosch, with his little son and daughter, departed for Brooklyn after ordering milk and cakes for his wife and her baby. Before going he asked his wife if she would give him her baby, rejoined Schwab in the prison. They will have a hearing this morning.

AMOS GROVES IS MISSING.

Lad Who Eloped with Mamie Schwartz and Leaped Through a Window.

Everybody in Pauline, N. J., is asking what has become of Amos Groves, the seventeen-year-old boy who eloped with Mamie Schwartz, and made a wild leap through a window when his sweetheart's mother found them, as was told exclusively in Saturday's Journal.

Mamie is being kept under a close guard at home, but Amos has not been seen since he disappeared. Mamie's brothers have threatened to punish him if he returns, and it is believed that Amos has heard this and is keeping out of the way.

SECRET WEDDINGS ARE HIS FORTE.

Rev. Father Meyer Withholds Records of Marriages He Performs.

STOUTLY DEFENDS HIMSELF

Declares That Much Scandal and Gossip Is Caused by Their Publication.

All those people who may contemplate eloping, and who desire to be wedded secretly, may do well to consult the Rev. Father George Meyer, pastor of St. Henry's Catholic Church, in Bayonne, N. J., for that worthy clergyman guarantees absolute secrecy of marriages he performs. He has gone so far as to defy the Health Board of Hudson County to compel him to file certificates of marriages at which he officiates. That body has accepted the def, and Prosecutor Winfield, who has had some correspondence with the pastor on the subject, will proceed against him at law unless he consents to obey the statute. Father Meyer advances some valid reasons for the stand he has taken.

"So they are going to coerce a priest, are they?" said the clergyman to a Journal reporter who called upon him at the parish residence on Avenue C last evening. "Well, let them go ahead and try it; I'll make it a test case, because they will get no certificates of marriages that I perform. Every marriage certificate that is sent to the health officials in Jersey City is at once given to the newspapers and is published. There are many people I marry who do not care for publicity, and I propose to respect their wishes in the matter."

For instance, I have married people whom their friends and neighbors regarded as married already. Now, if I sent in a marriage certificate in such a case as that it would be published and the couple would be exposed to the gossip and scandal that a suppression of the fact of the marriage would prevent altogether. Granted that the couple have sinned—they have and will be punished for it, and they receive a just censure from me, and I compel them to do penance; but it is a fundamental law of the Church that if one discovers another in sin it is his duty not to expose him to the community, that he may suffer. If I found a man intoxicated in the gutter it would, according to the law of the Church, be a sin for me to expose him to the public; the secret should be kept in my breast, though I would myself censure that man and compel him to do penance were I his spiritual adviser.

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letter from Prosecutor Winfield. It contained the proposition as stated by the priest. The letter reiterated his determination to withhold every certificate of a marriage he performed, and said he would make test cases if the Health Board proceeded against him. He has ignored the law, he admitted, since last Sunday. The law of New Jersey explicitly declares that all those officiating at marriage ceremonies must, within thirty days after the ceremony, file with the proper authorities a certificate containing the names and ages of the contracting parties and the date of the ceremony.

The Health Board in Jersey City considered Father Meyer's action at its meeting yesterday. The Board declined to consent to Father Meyer's proposition that all his certificates be kept from the public, and President Varick said the counsel of the Board would proceed against Father Meyer unless he obeyed the law.

Firemen Will Continue to Dance.
Greenwich, L. I., Jan. 19.—The members of the Orient Fire Department, which consists of single hook and ladder company, have decided that such games as domino, backgammon and parcheesi are not immoral, neither are the dances which have been given by the firemen in the interests of charity. The church people, however, around the firemen, have been practicing and attempting to reform them by having the games and dances abolished. A meeting was held on Saturday night, and two-thirds of the members voted not to abolish the games and dances.

MUNYON
New York People Honor the Name Because He Has Proven Their Benefactor.

HUNDREDS CURED
And Hundreds More Successfully Treated Is the Story Told Everywhere, but

LET THE CURED TALK
Their Stories Are Bound to Convince the Most Sceptical.

TRIED 20 DOCTORS.

Mr. Wm. Traynor, 334 East 61st street, says: "I have been afflicted by sciatic rheumatism for twenty years. I tried more than twenty doctors, and all kinds of patent medicines, and yet I was not cured. Lately I used two bottles of Munyon's Rheumatic Cure, and am now so completely cured that I am able to do as good a day's work as I did twenty years ago."

THE DISEASE ERADICATED.
William Ross, 308 East 94th street, New York City, says: "Since 1873 I have had chronic catarr